

O D E  
FOR THE  
NEW YEAR,

1776.

[Price One Shilling.]

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<sup>k</sup>  
O D E

F O R T H E

N E W Y E A R,

1776.

*By Thomas Day*

---

*Proh Curia inverfque mores!*

HORACE.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. ALMON, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE,  
IN PICCADILLY.

M,DCC,LXX,VI



A black and white micrograph showing a cross-section of a plant stem. The central vascular cylinder is visible, surrounded by cortical cells. The image is labeled 'Fig. 1' in the bottom right corner.

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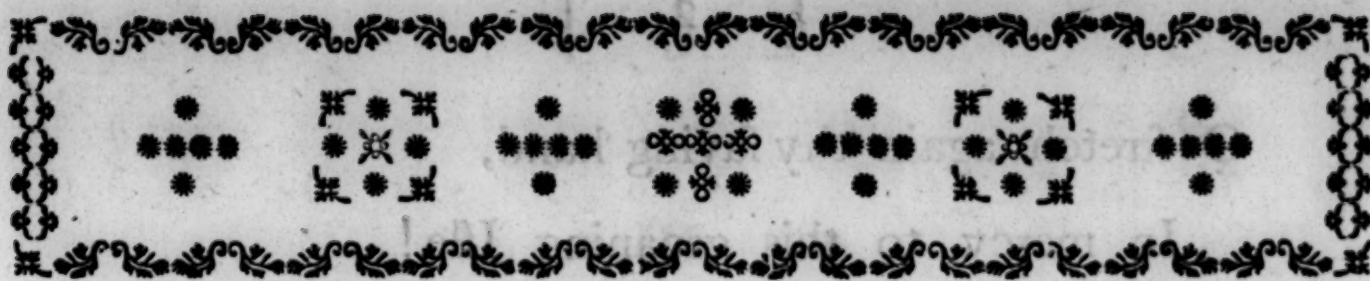
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Prof. C. A. Smith, Jr.





O D E  
F O R T H E  
N E W Y E A R,  
1776.

---

**G**ENIUS of ALBION! whither art thou fled!  
Thou, who wast wont, at Freedom's call, to rise,  
With thund'ring voice, and heav'n-directed eyes,  
And mock th' Oppressor's rage, or smite the Tyrant dead!  
B O stretch



O stretch again thy saving hand,  
 In mercy to this groaning Isle!  
 No common ills thine aid demand;---  
 Corruption triumphs in her spoil;  
 Fierce Discord hurls her torch on high;  
 Nor public weal nor social tie  
 Can fix the fordid mind:---  
 Ambition breaks Law's feeble chain,  
 Swol'n Lux'ry leads her bloated train,  
 And Ruin stalks behind!

II.

Beyond the rough *Atlantic* tide,  
 Inspir'd by Virtue and by Thee,  
 Thy junior Sons still dare be free;---  
 Nor e'er shall subtle Fraud divide  
 The gen'rous band. O, while the tempest low'rs,  
 Reflect our cause is *one*;---that Freedom's foes are *OURS!*

III.



III.

Peace to thy Shade, lamented King;  
 Great BRUNSWICK, second of thy race  
 Call'd *England's* happy throne to grace,  
 What time fair Freedom made each valley ring.  
 From the cold tomb could'st thou arise,  
 How would this prospect blast thine eyes,  
 And drive thee back in wild affright!  
 For lo! fierce issuing from their native north,  
 The howling furies murd'rous storms send forth;  
 Glut *Gallia's* great revenge, and spread vile Slav'ry's night!

IV.

In vain, alas! thy gallant Son,  
 (What time *Culloden's* glorious field  
 Taught the proud trait'rous Scot to yield,)  
 Unfading laurels nobly won.



In vain rejoic'd th' admiring world,  
 When our brave Sires, by NASSAU led,  
 At tyrant-pow'r their thunders hurl'd,  
 While the dark Tyrant crouch'd and fled.  
 No longer now, in patriot shackles bound,  
 With fruitless wailing Envy bites her chain;---  
 Oppression leaps o'er Freedom's sacred mound,  
 And vainly HAMPDEN fought, and SYDNEY bled in vain!

V.

Ah, what avails thy honour'd name,  
 Mild, but determin'd, ROCKINGHAM!  
 Rome's pristine fire that beams from RICHMOND's eye!  
 SAVILE, thy glowing efforts baffled die!  
 ---With Tully's pow'rs, and Cato's foul,  
 BURKE (spurning int'rest's strong controul!  
 O great



O great exemplar in a venal age !  
 Thy virtues disregarded shine,  
 Loft is thy eloquence divine  
 With CAMDEN's lore profound, and CHATHAM's gen'rous rage !

VI.

Lo ! SAUNDERS mingles with the mighty dead ;---  
 No more th' avenger of his Country's wrong.  
 O'er his cold dust let no weak tear be shed ;---  
 He wept alas ! that he had liv'd too long !  
     O greatly glorious ! had he died  
     Ere set in darkness *Britain's* Sun :  
     Ere frantic rage and *Stewart* pride,  
     *That* empire lost, *his* valour won !  
 ' What more, he cry'd, can adverse fate require ?'  
 Dying he saw his Country's fame expire :  
 Saw her bright cross he late triumphant spread,  
 Droop on the sick'ning gale, and blush with deeper red !



VII.

Hark! thro' *America's* indignant shore,  
 What groans for vengeance rend th' affrighted skies!  
 Foul impious war hath broken nature's ties;  
 And *Britain*, terror of the world no more,  
 Turns on herself, and drinks her Children's gore!  
 O quickly drop the murd'rous sword!  
 What horrors rise around!  
 Can'st thou, ill-fated realm, afford  
 With thine own blood to drench the ground!  
 The vet'ran, yet untaught to yield,  
 Reluctant views the death-fraught field,  
 Conscious of guilt would fain retreat,  
 And dreads ev'n vict'ry as defeat;---  
 In vain: Still o'er *Ontario's* flood,  
 With ghastly smile, and blasting eyes,  
 Stern ALVA's guilty spirit flies,  
 And snuffs the scented air, and rages still for blood!

VIII.



VIII.

Hear how her Sons *Iberia* tells,  
 Exulting as the tempest swells;  
 And faithless *Gallia*, with prophetic eye,  
 Beholds thy golden streams of commerce dry,  
 Or marks them for her own. ' O great event,'  
 She cries,---' Thy shame and punishment,  
 ' Rash ruin'd rival! Now I see  
 ' Thy palm of glory snatch'd by me;  
 ' That envied prize,\* by nature giv'n,  
 ' Which rais'd thy tow'ring front to heav'n,  
 ' Spurn'd by thyself!--O speed thy ling'ring fate,  
 ' And to THYSELF be false,---to make MY empire great!

IX.

\* Commerce.



## IX.

But *Britain*, happier fates are thine:  
 Thy Sun shall yet unclouded shine!  
 A day (nor far remote) shall come,  
 When, Rage disarm'd, and Envy dumb,  
 The pious Child, her sorrows o'er,  
 Shall urge the loud complaint no more:  
 But nourish (in her sufferings blest)  
 Th' expiring Parent, from her breast!  
 For lo! Futurity her page unfolds:  
 What floods of glory fill yon Western skies!  
 I see, I see, the radiant forms arise;  
 Where venerable Time fair Truth upholds,  
 And awful Justice, her divine Compeer,  
 Exalts her gen'rous brow, and shakes her glitt'ring spear!



X.

‘ Ye Parricides, who broke the golden cords  
 ‘ Of filial piety,---maternal love;  
 ‘ Ye perjur’d Senators---Ye venal Lords,  
 ‘ Now curse your damned deeds ;---for vengeance dwells with  
     *America*, no longer thou [Jove!  
 ‘ Shalt lift thy plaintive voice in vain;  
 ‘ Nor *Britain’s* Sons to flav’ry bow,  
 ‘ Nor forge for others necks the chain!  
 ‘ ’Tis Justice speaks!’ Above controul,  
 Her thunders smite the guilty foul.  
 See murder’d SYDNEY grimly smile,  
 And virtuous RUSSEL blest her glorious toil!  
 O sleep, ye sacred shades! in endless rest;  
 The sign of mercy, beaming from the *West*,  
 Kind Heav’n has giv’n ;---for o’er the patriot crowd,  
 Bright Conquest soars aloft,---and claps her wings aloud!!

T H E E N D.



[ 2 ]

II

Ye have who broke the golden code

O' mine, mine, mine, mine, mine

Ye have the golden code

The world's your damned dead; -- for ever yours

Love, no longer thou

Shalt lift thy plaintive voice in vain

For mine's love to thy love

For mine's love to thy love

For mine's love to thy love

For mine's love to thy love

For mine's love to thy love

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O mine's love to thy love

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